

GRIM WIT

ADULTS
ONLY

\$100


2



DRAGON?
...HUH?...



HORRILOR

A woman with a skull face and large breasts is sitting on a pile of books. She is holding a book and looking at it. The books have titles like 'ARTIQUE', 'SHEEP OF DEN', 'LORD OF THE DRAGON AGE', and 'WOLF IN A MAN'S UNIFORM'.


GREETINGS, GRIM GRABBERS!
THIS IS YOUR HORNY HOSTESS,
HORRILOR, EAGER AND WAITIN'
TO LAY ON YA... .. SOME
NIFTY GOODIES, I'VE GATHERED
UP FROM MY **GRIM WIT** GRUESOME
LIBRARY, HERE IN HARROWING
HEIGHTS.

A woman with a skull face and large breasts is holding a book. She is looking at the book and smiling. The book has the title 'EXCITEMENT' on it.


SO GET READY
FOR SOME
EXCITEMENT, -

A woman with a skull face and large breasts is holding a book. She is looking at the book and smiling. The book has the title 'ADVENTURE' on it.

- **ADVENTURE**, -

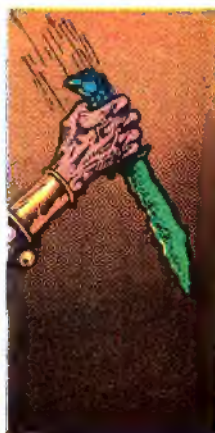
A woman with a skull face and large breasts is lying down. She is looking at the camera and smiling. She is wearing a bra with the word 'ADVENTURE' on it.

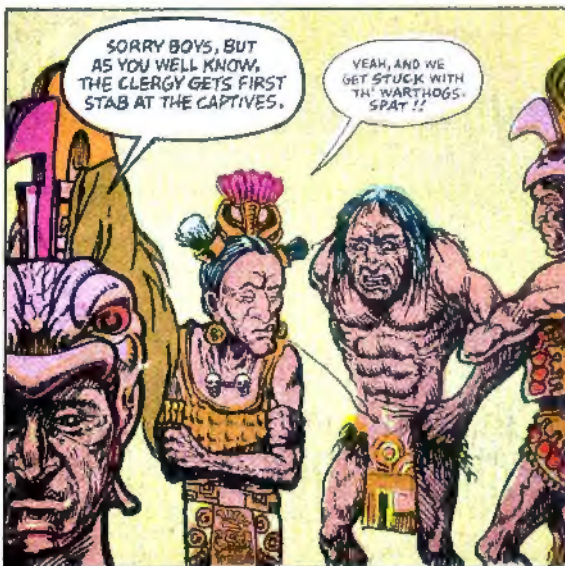
- AND OTHER GOODIES. THIS
IS A SPECIAL **DRAGON** ISSUE,
SO RELAX AND GIVE ME YOUR
... FULL ... HARD...
... ATTENTION.

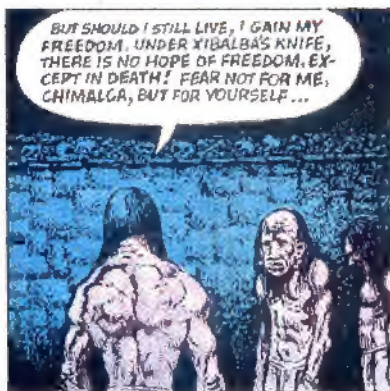
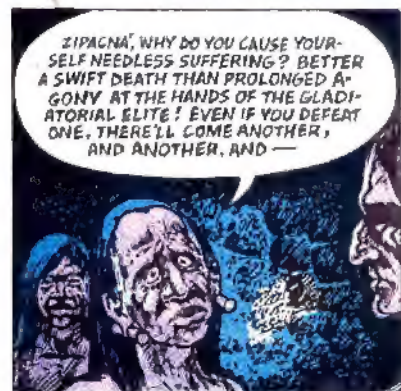
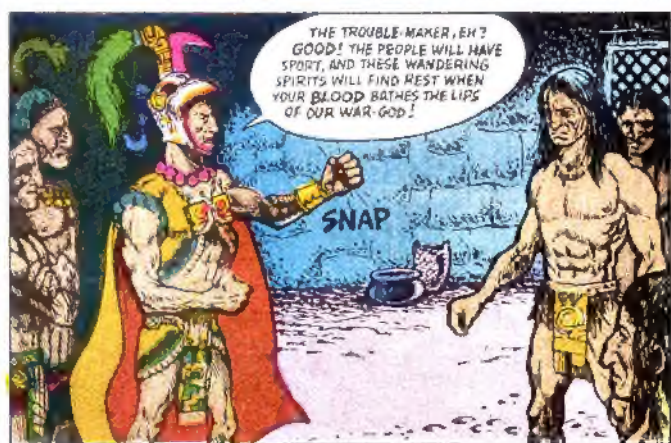
A woman with a skull face and large breasts is lying down. She is looking at the camera and smiling. She is wearing a bra with the word 'ADVENTURE' on it.

GRIM WIT, 2 ©1973 BY RICHARD
CORBEN, JAXON, DOUGLAS MOENCH
AND DAVE HOLMAN. ALL RIGHTS
RESERVED. DON'T REPRINT ANY-
THING WITHOUT PERMISSION OR
SUFFER THE CURSE OF THE GREEN
APPLE QUICK-STEP. GRIM WIT IS
PUBLISHED BY **LAST GASP** ECO
FUNNIES, P.O. BOX 212, BERKELEY,
CALIFORNIA. 94704.

DEATH RATTLE







AT THE APPOINTED TIME THE SUN ROSE, WEARY AND FAMILISHED FROM ITS STRUGGLE WITH THE STARS.



AND AS THE NEW DAY SPED TOWARD NIGHT THE ALLIES SAW RED WITH CHICHIMEC BLOOD SO THAT DARKNESS WOULD ONCE AGAIN YIELD TO THE RENEWED STRENGTH OF DAY'S LIGHT.



HEAR THAT? THEY LOVE THE FLOW OF BLOOD, JUST AS OUR FATHER, THE SUN, LOVES IT!

THEN PERHAPS THEY'LL LOVE IT JUST AS MUCH WHEN IT IS YOUR BLOOD THAT FLOWS, CHARLATAN.



RAVE ON, DOOMED MAN! MANY HAVE I PREPARED AS NOW I ANNOUNCE YOU, YET THOSE THAT SURVIVED NUMBER FEWER THAN THE FINGERS OF ONE HAND.

WHAT OF THE GIRL? WHEN WILL SHE DIE?

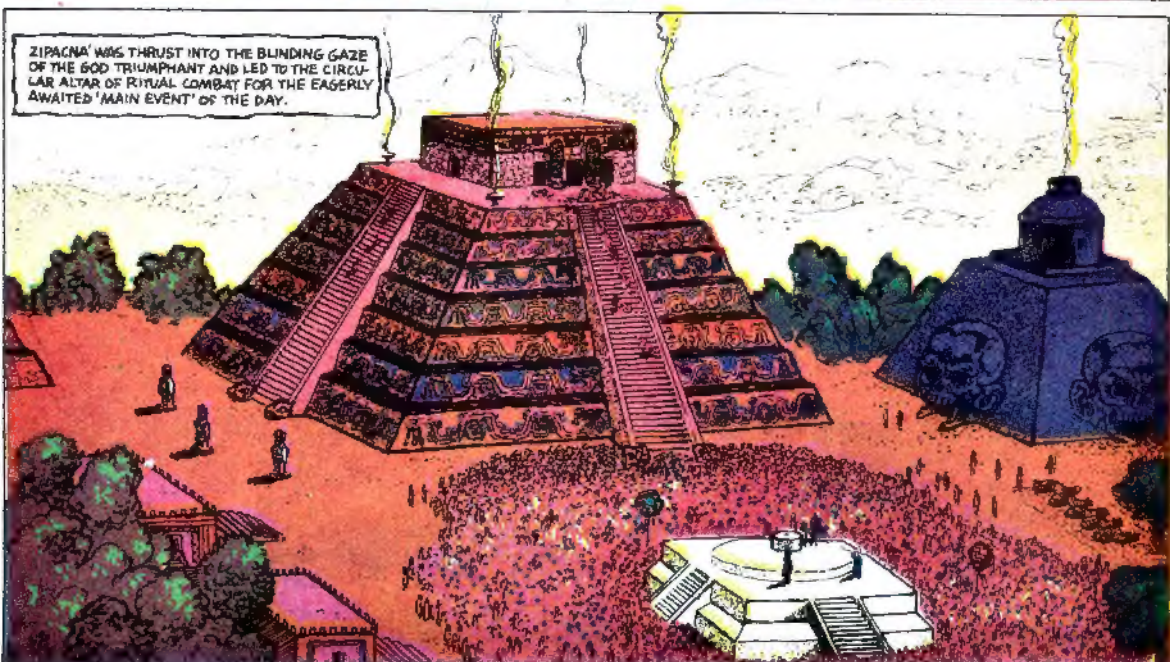


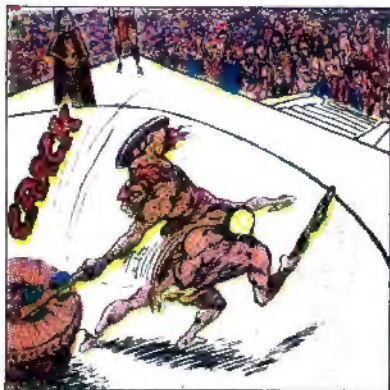
BRING HIM!

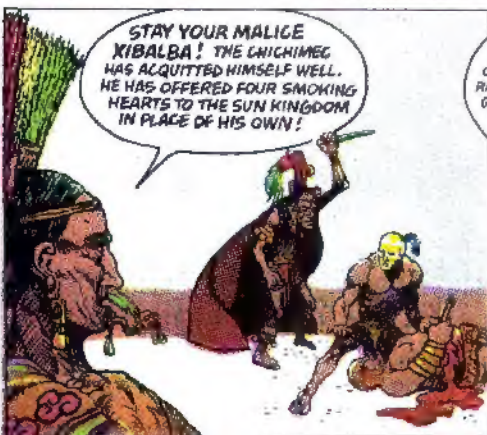
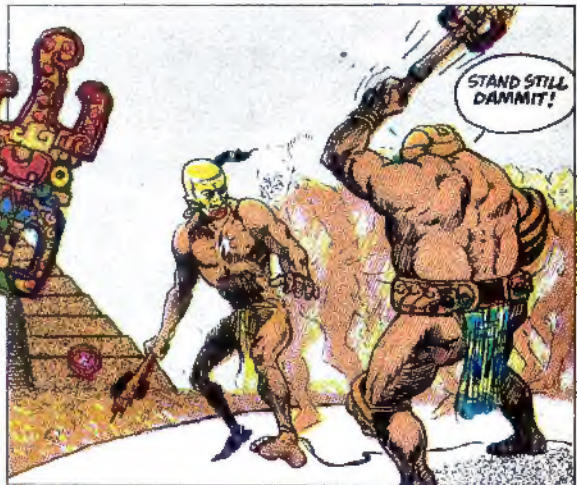
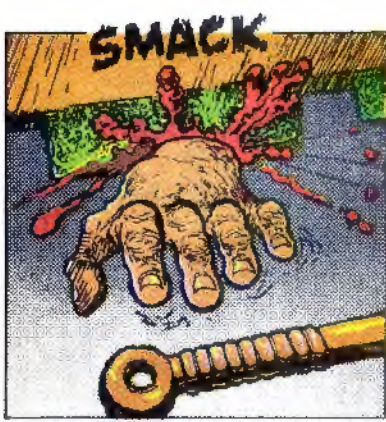
SPEAK NOT OF HER. TONIGHT HER DESTINY WILL PASS BEYOND—



ZIPACNA WAS THRUST INTO THE BLINDING GAZE OF THE GOD TRIUMPHANT AND LED TO THE CIRCULAR ALTAR OF RITUAL COMBAT FOR THE EAGERLY AWAITED 'MAIN EVENT' OF THE DAY.





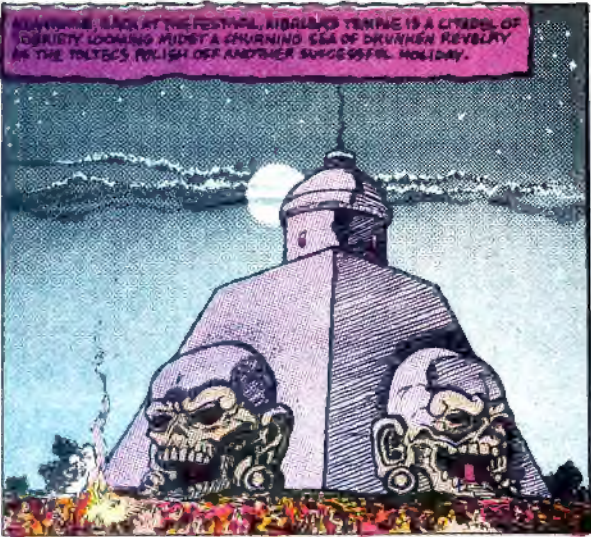




XITLILTEHA IS ESCORTED TO THE COUNTY LINE WITH GREAT POMP

...AND DON'T COME BACK!!

EAT SHIT AND DIE, A LITTLE



ANYWAY, BACK AT THE FESTIVAL, XITLILTEHA'S TEMPLE IS A CITADEL OF LUSTRITY LOOKING MIDST A CHURNING SEA OF DRUNKEN REVELRY IN THE TOLTECS' POLISH OFF ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL HOLIDAY.



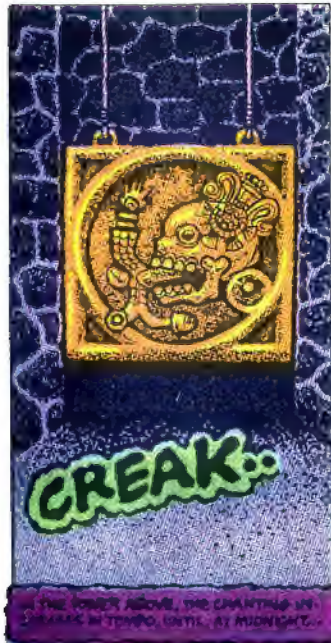
THE PRIEST, WITH THE BOUNTIFUL, THE FINAL TOUCHES ARE BEING APPLIED TO TEZCATLIPOCA'S BRIDAL SUITE...

...LET'S RUFF YOUR BEAVER A BIT. LEHMAE SEE, THE INCENSE, FLOWERS, WHAT ELSE? HAWH, GUESS THAT'S EVERYTHING..

OOW! THAT TICKLES!

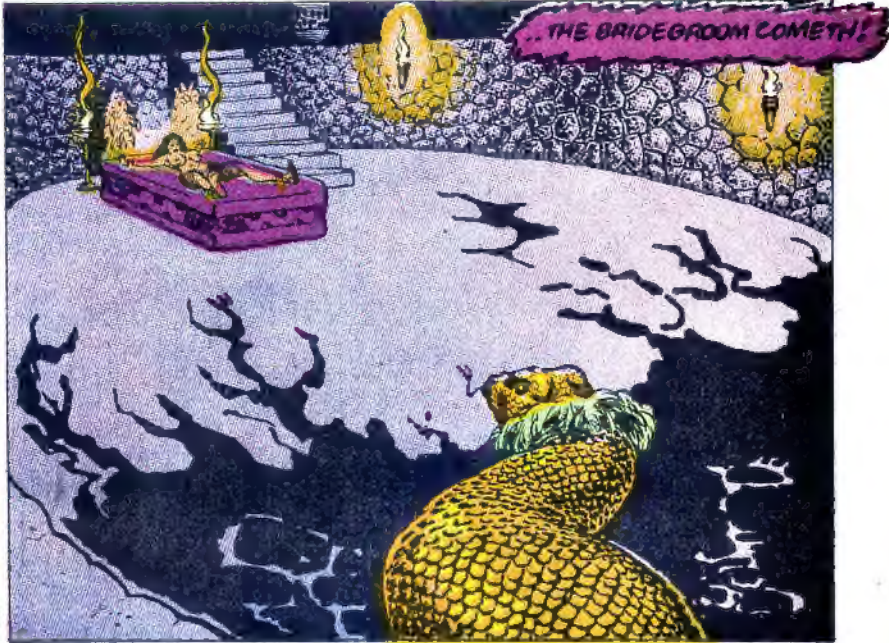


NOW! TO SUMMONS THE BRIDEGROOM! AND SO, WE MUST LEAVE YOU, MY PRETTY, TO THE RAPTURES OF NUPITAL BLISS, FOR NO MORTAL EYES ARE PERMITTED TO WITNESS THE... HIGH, CONJUGAL SPLENDOR... OF MIGHTY TEZCATLIPOCA!

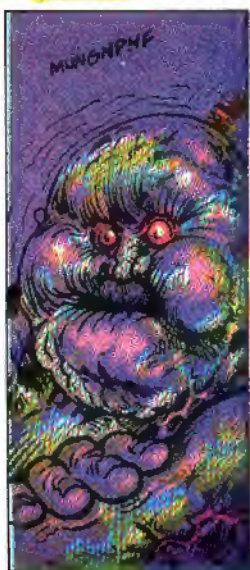


GREAK..

SINCE THEN ABOVE THE CHANTING OF SACRILEGE IN TEZCATLIPOCA, DIES AT MIDNIGHT...



...THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH!

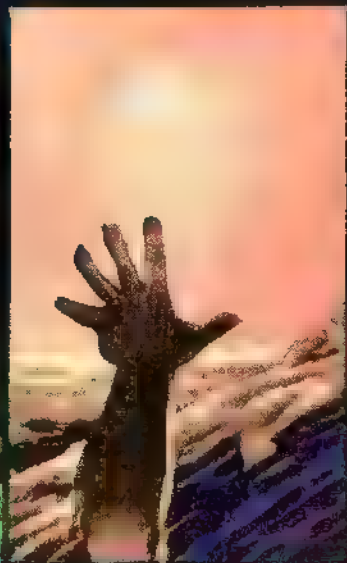
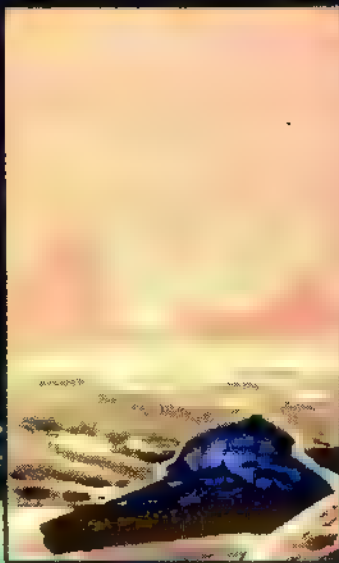


DeD

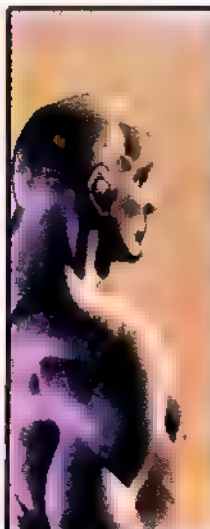
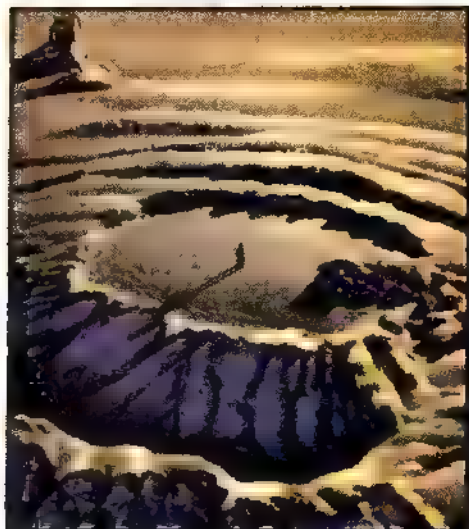
IT SEEMED I WAS
FLOATING IN DARKNESS
FOR AN EXTREMELY LONG
TIME. SLOWLY, SUMMER
CLOUDS OF ELECTRO-
NEURAL IMPULSES
COALESCE TO
FORM MY MIND
AND I BECAME AWARE
OF MYSELF AS AN ENTITY.
I DRIFTED ACROSS NEBULAR
UNFOCUSED COLORS.

AS I WANDERED
THROUGH THE MAZE
I SAW SOMETHING. IT
WAS AN IMAGE... A MEN-
TORY, BUT IT WAS SO FUZZY
AND INDISTINCT. IT SEEMED
AS THOUGH I WAS
LOOKING AT A
BOOK... WHAT
IS A BOOK?

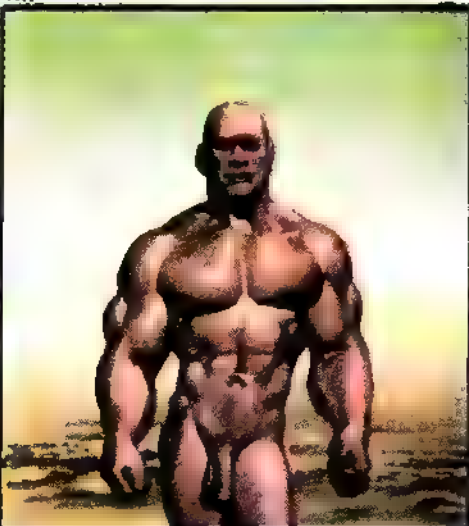
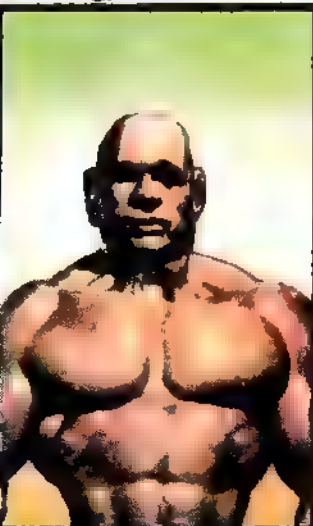
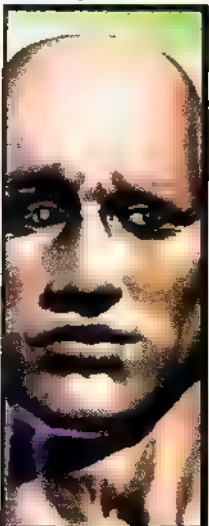
WITHIN THE BOOK
WAS AN UNCONNECTED PAGE.
IT HAD SOMETHING ON IT... AN UNCOMPREHENSIBLE LABYRINTH OF
LINES. THE IMAGES FADED, SWEEPED AWAY BY A SEARING LIGHT. OTHER
SENSATIONS ACCOMPANIED THE RADIANCE, BOMBARDING MY EMERGING CONSCIOUSNESS.



WHO WAS I? WHERE WAS I?... THE LANDSCAPE WAS TOTALLY UNKNOWN TO ME; EVEN MY BODY WAS UNFAMILIAR.



WHAT FORCES BROUGHT ME HERE? I SEARCHED MY MIND FOR MEMORIES... THERE WAS SOMETHING THERE, BUT IT WAS TOO CLOUDED... A NAME... D... E... N... MY NAME IS DEN.



I SCANNED THE HORIZON. A DISTANT STRUCTURE ROSE OUT OF THE MISTS. I DECIDED TO GO THERE. PERHAPS IT HELD A CLUE TO THE MYSTERY.

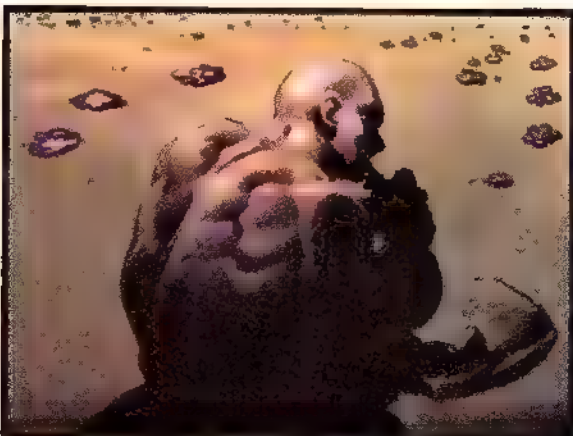


I WALKED. MY BARE FOOTFALLS IN THE SAND CREATED THE ONLY SOUND. A SLIGHT BREEZE WAS A SMALL RELIEF IN THE HEAT. AFTER SEVERAL HOURS ... I WAS OVERTAKEN BY A VACUOUS FEELING ... HUNGER.

— FOOD!!



THERE WERE INSTINCTS, REFLEXES AND A GOOD AMOUNT OF MUSCULAR DEXTERITY CONTAINED IN THIS BODY IN WHICH I FOUND MYSELF. I WAS THANKFUL BUT STILL CONFUSED.



AS EVENING APPROACHED I CAME UPON AN ENIGMATIC OASIS WITH A FOUNTAIN. I WONDERED THE ARTISAN'S IDENTITY. I WAS HAPPY TO DRINK THE SWEET WATER WITHOUT PAUSE. THE ABUNDANT FRUITS WERE ALSO DELICIOUS.



AFTER FURTHER REFRESHING MYSELF, I THOUGHT TO FIND A PLACE TO SLEEP. APPREHENSIVE OF PREDACIOUS CREATURES THAT MIGHT HABIT THE FOUNTAIN, I LEFT ITS IMMEDIATE VICINITY AND FOUND A PROTECTED SPOT NEARBY.



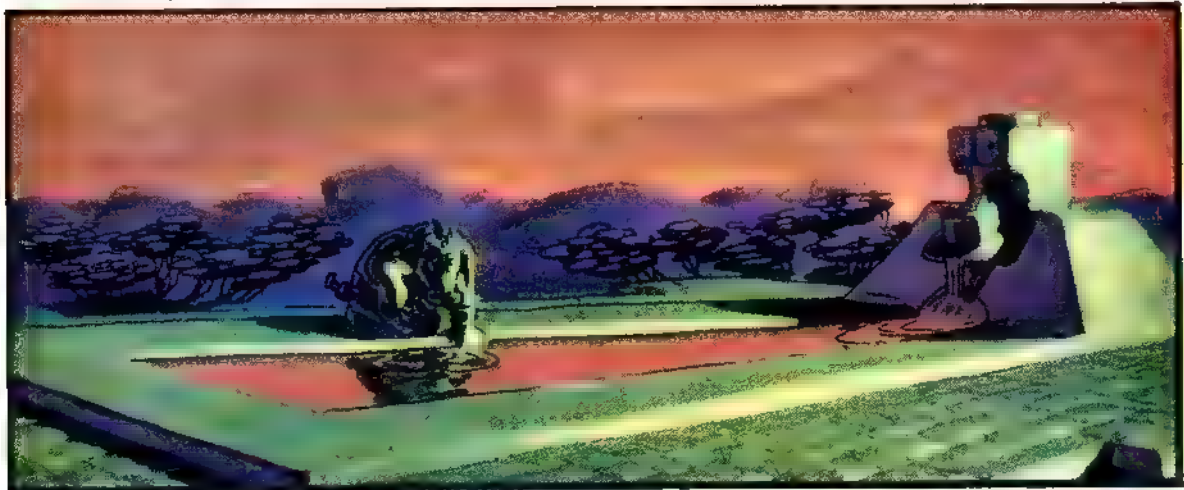
NEAR MORNING DREAMS CAME TO ME. THERE WAS A PERSON, AND THE LOOK OF MY FORMER MISION. THE SURROUNDINGS WERE STRANGELY FAMILIAR.



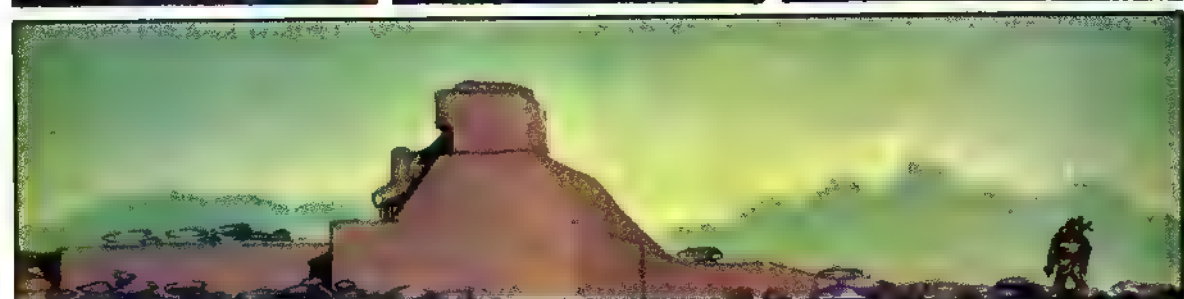
THE MAN'S ATTENTION WAS WHOLLY UPON READING AND WAS SURPRISED BY THE DISCOVERY OF THE LOOSE PAPER. THEN THE SCENE CHANGED. THE MAN MANIPULATED MINATURE STRUCTURE INTO AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE ASSEMBLY. I AWOKE WITH AN OVERWHELMING ANXIETY.



A CREATURE, THE LIKES OF WHICH I'D NEVER SEEN BEFORE, WAS DRINKING FROM THE POOL.



I WAS FROZEN WITH FEAR. COULD IT HEAR MY POUNDING HEART? COULD IT FIND ME FROM MY SCENT? COULD IT SENSE MY PRESENCE BY SOME UNKNOWN FACULTY?

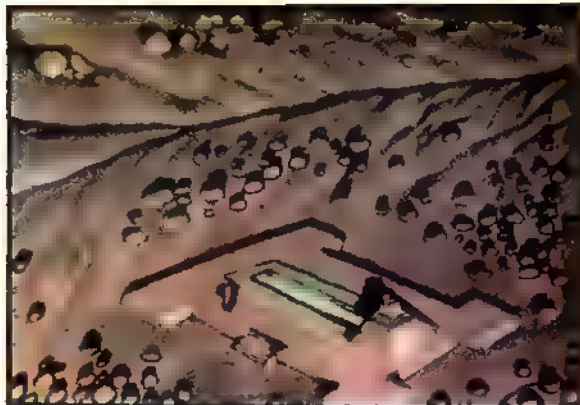


APPARENTLY QUENCHED, THE LIZARDMAN LEFT AND DISAPPEARED AMONG THE ROCKS. I WAS ABOUT TO DESCEND FOR A DRINK WHEN—





ANOTHER FIGURE APPROACHED.



THE ORNAMENTED HEADDRESS AND ANKLETS EXCLUDED THE SOUND THAT ALERTED ME.



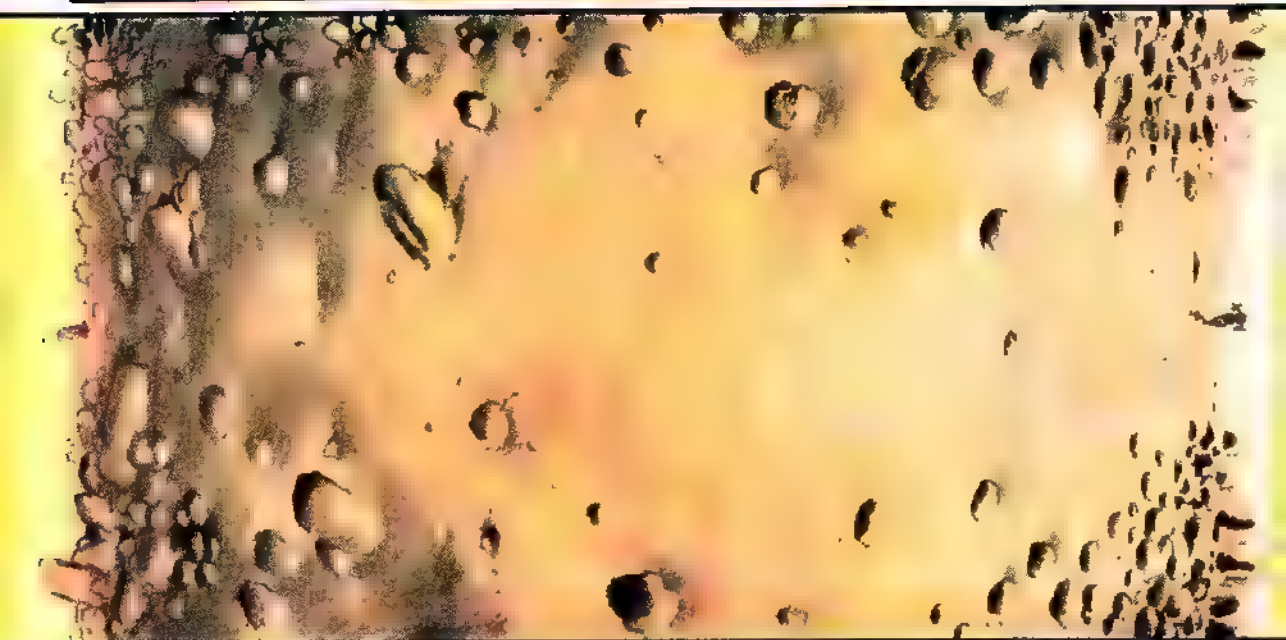
I CONCLUDED THAT IT WAS AN INDIAN GIRL, WHICH GAVE ME NEW THOUGHTS ABOUT MY LOCATION. SHE DRANK AND LEFT.



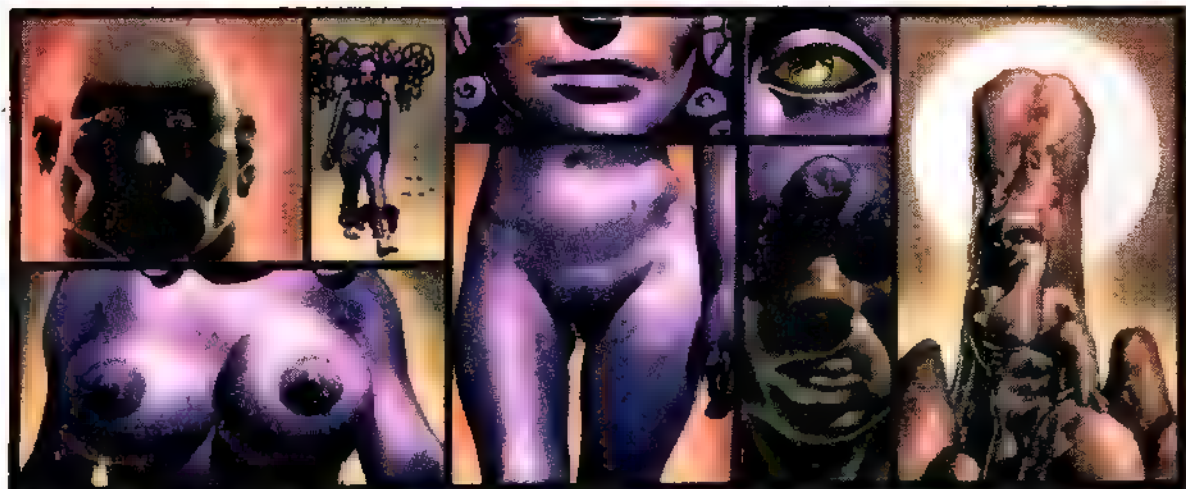
THE GIRL TRAVELED TOWARD THE EDIFICE. IT WAS MY QUEST ALSO, THOUGH I HAD NO PREDETERMINED PURPOSE THERE.



I STUDIED THE ARTIFACT AS I PASSED. I CONJECTURED THAT IT HOUSED MACHINERY THAT DREW WATER FROM ROCKS OR THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH (IF THIS REALLY WAS EARTH), AND WAS POWERED BY SOLAR RAYS OR NUCLEAR ENERGY.

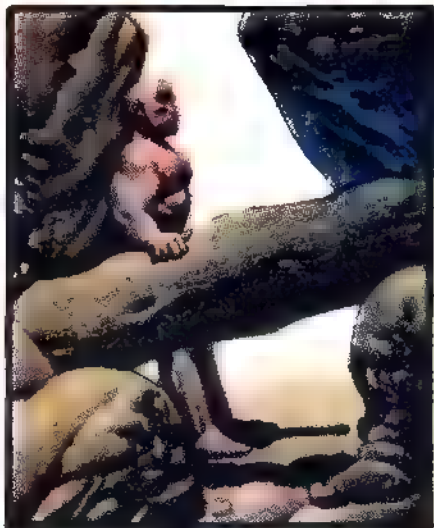


THIS WAS THE ONLY HUMAN I'D SEEN SINCE I HAD AWAKENED HERE. PERHAPS I SHOULD'VE CONFRONTED HER AND TRIED COMMUNICATION. AN OMINOUS AURA ABOUT HER DISCOURAGED THAT PLAN. IT WAS THE SOUND!! WHY WOULD A SANE PERSON TRAVEL IN THIS HOSTILE LAND WEARING NOISY ORNAMENTS WHICH COULD ATTRACT CARNIVOROUS BEASTS. I CIRCLED AHEAD TO WATCH HER PASS.



THE IMAGES STIRRED PHANTASMIC FORCES IN MY HEAD AND EROTIC ONES IN MY BODY.

SURPRISED AT MY OWN REACTION, I SAT MOTIONLESS, WONDERING ABOUT WHAT HAD CAUSED IT AND WHAT TO DO NEXT, WHEN A SHADOW CROSSED ME.

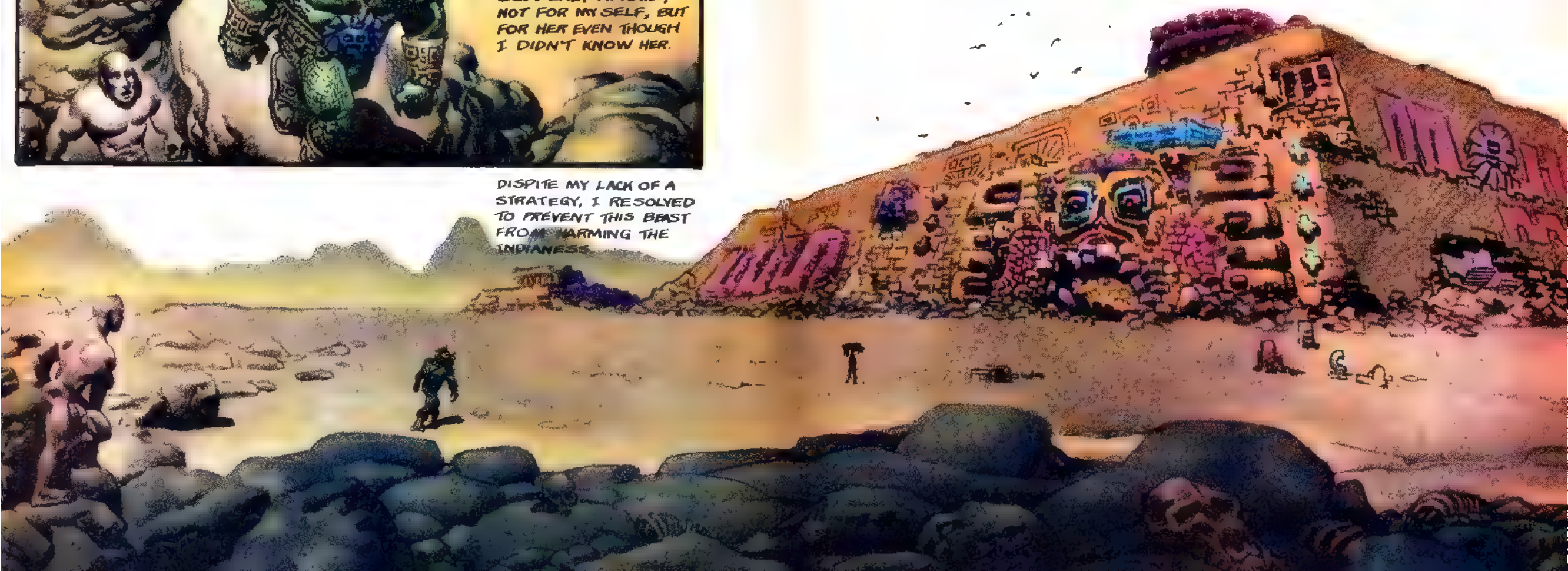


IT WAS THE LIZARDMAN I HAD SEEN EARLIER. WAS IT A COINCIDENCE THAT HE TRAVELED IN THIS SAME DIRECTION? ... I REJECTED THIS THOUGHT. HE SEEMED INTENT UPON SOMETHING ... THE GIRL... I WAS SUDDENLY AFRAID, NOT FOR MYSELF, BUT FOR HER EVEN THOUGH I DIDN'T KNOW HER.

DISPITE MY LACK OF A STRATEGY, I RESOLVED TO PREVENT THIS BEAST FROM HARMING THE INDIANESS.



I FOLLOWED THE LIZARDMAN, WHO FOLLOWED THE GIRL, WHOSE DESTINATION WAS APPARENTLY THE ARCHITECTURAL ANOMALY, BUT HER PURPOSE THERE WAS STILL A COMPLETE MYSTERY.



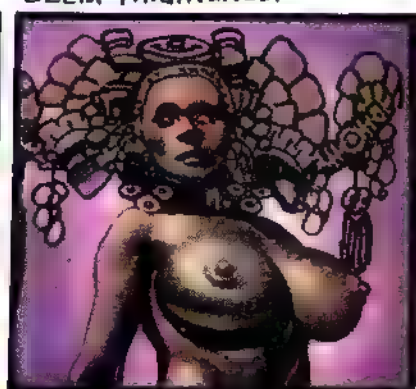
THE BEAST'S INTENTIONS BECAME OBVIOUS AS WE ENTERED THE BUILDING COMPLEX. I RUSHED TO HIDE AMONG THE SCULPTURES ALONG THE STAIR CASE BETWEEN THEM.



THE PREDATOR HISSED AN EXPECTANT CHUCKLE.

FRANTICLY I SEARCHED FOR A WEAPON.

THE GIRL TURNED AND SAW THE LIZARD BUT DIDN'T SEEM FRIGHTENED.



I CHARGED !!!





THE STONE STRUCK THE BEAST.



I CRASHED INTO HIM, GRABBING FOR HIS KNIFE,



BUT SUCCEEDED ONLY IN KNOCKING IT AWAY.



THE BLOW SHOULD'VE KILLED HIM HE WAS HARDLY STUNNED.



I DIDN'T WANT TO GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO THINK.

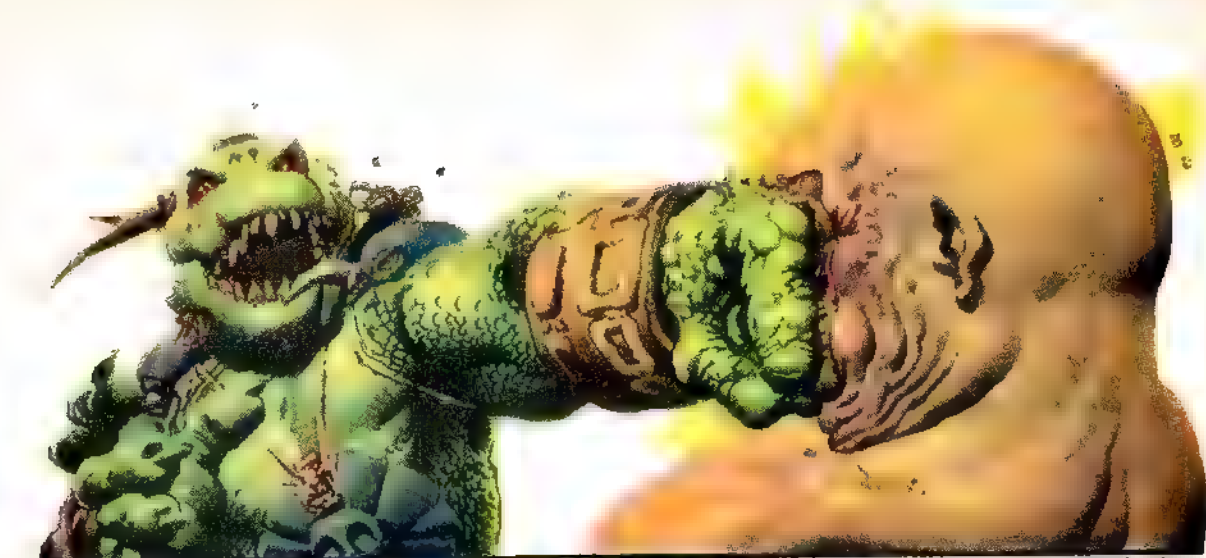


THE GIRL REMAINED, WATCHING.

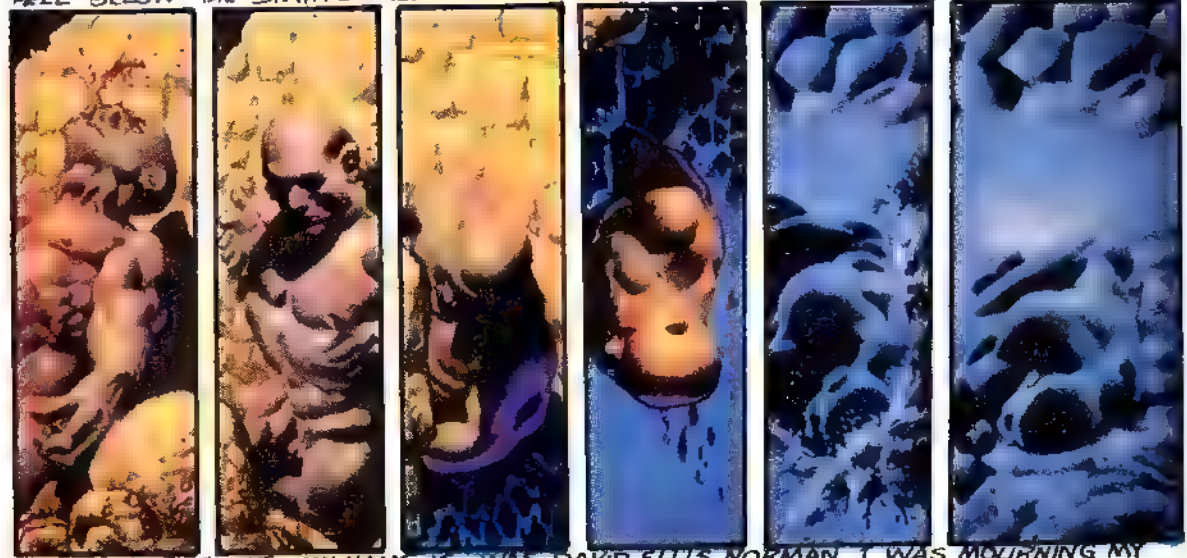


MY BODY MADE MOVEMENTS UNFAMILIAR TO MY CONSCIOUS MIND IT WAS THOUGH IT HAD BEEN HIGHLY TRAINED AND WAS UNDER THE CONTROL OF ANOTHER PART OF MY BRAIN.

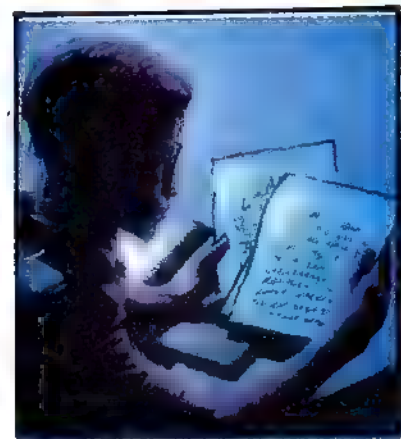




THE LIZARD'S STRONGEST BLOW CAUGHT ME UNPREPARED. I GUESS I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO CLOSE IN AND GRAB ME AGAIN. UNCONSCIOUS I WAS THROWN AMONG THE STONEWORKS AND FELL BELOW THE STAIR CASE.



THEN IT CAME TO ME. MY NAME IS... WAS DAVID ELLIS NORMAN. I WAS MOURNING MY UNCLE DANIEL'S DEATH. THEY HAD NEVER FOUND HIM BUT NOW, AFTER SEVEN YEARS IT WAS LEGAL. SOME OF HIS BELONGINGS HAD COME INTO MY POSSESSION INCLUDING HIS COLLECTION OF BURROUGHS'S FANTASY NOVELS. IN THE BACK OF ONE WAS A PIECE OF PAPER WITH AN ELECTRONIC SCHEMATIC DRAWN ON IT...



THERE WAS ALSO A LETTER .. ADDRESSED TO ME

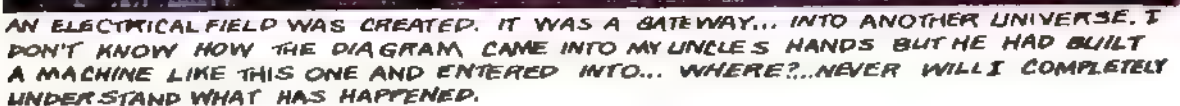
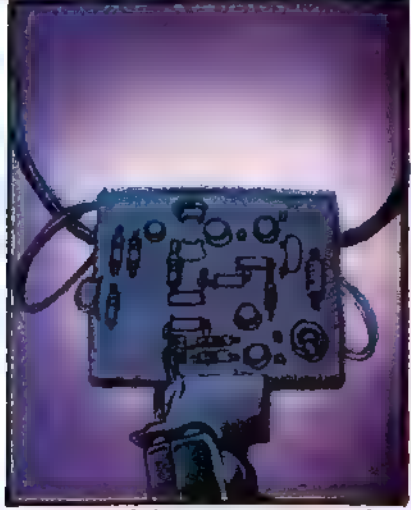
Dear David,
 I foresee you reading this some years after my disappearance. It is because we shared so many interests and a kinship that went beyond our common blood, that I write. I may be dead as you read, I have no way of knowing what lies ahead for me in that other world. This much is certain: my chances are better there,

despite the dangers, than here, facing certain slow death. You weren't aware of my withering illness. I am slowly losing life; it begins in the limbs and crawls slowly, relentlessly, to finish in the heart. So I bid you farewell and leave while I have the strength and resolution.

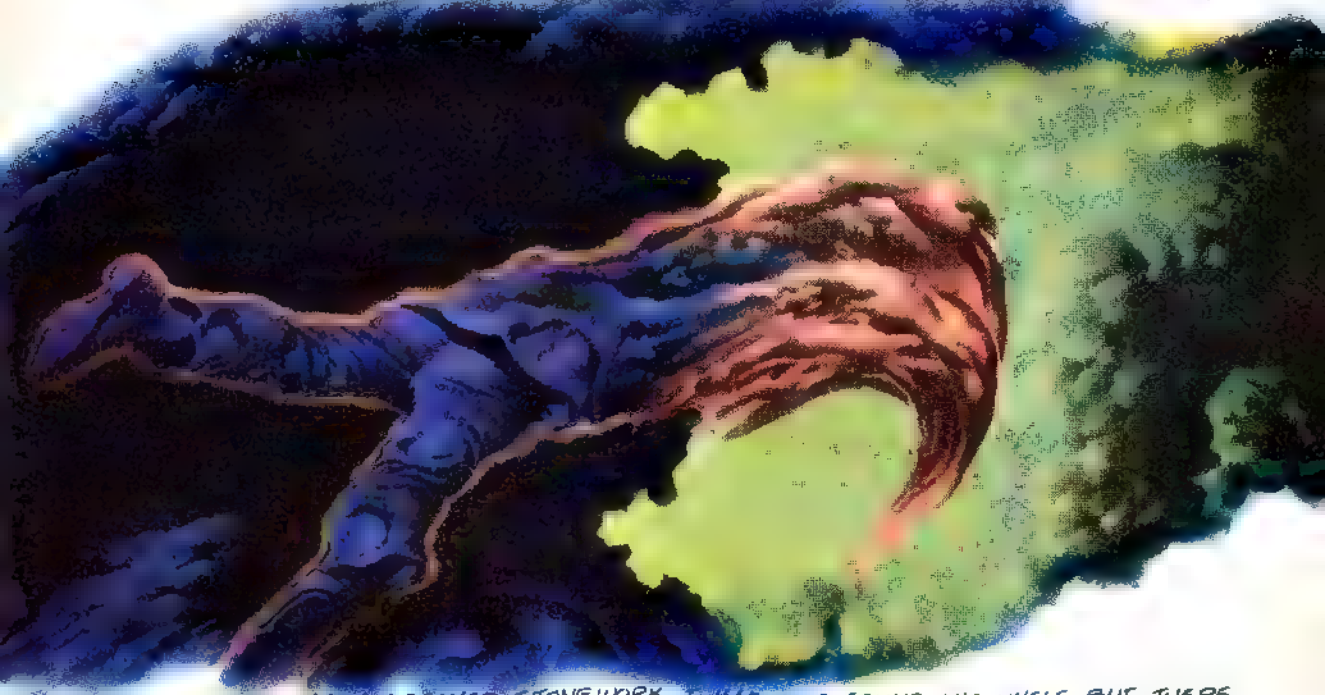
Goodbye,
 Dan

I KNEW THE SCHEMATIC WAS A CLUE. I DECIDED TO BUILD IT.

COLLECTING THE PARTS REQUIRED WAS NOT WITHOUT DIFFICULTY. SOME WERE EXOTIC SPECIAL ORDER ITEMS; OTHERS HAD BECOME OBSOLETE. BUT MOST WERE READILY AVAILABLE RESISTERS, CAPACITORS, DIODES, TRANSISTORS, ETC. FINALLY I COMMENCED WORK ON THE CONTRAFTION.

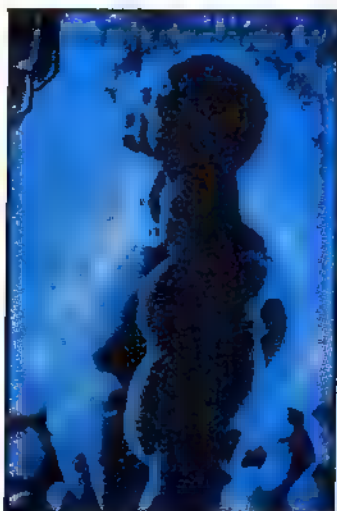


I HAD TO FIND MY UNCLE. I STEPPED INTO THE SWIRLING LIGHT, AND LOST CONSCIOUSNESS.

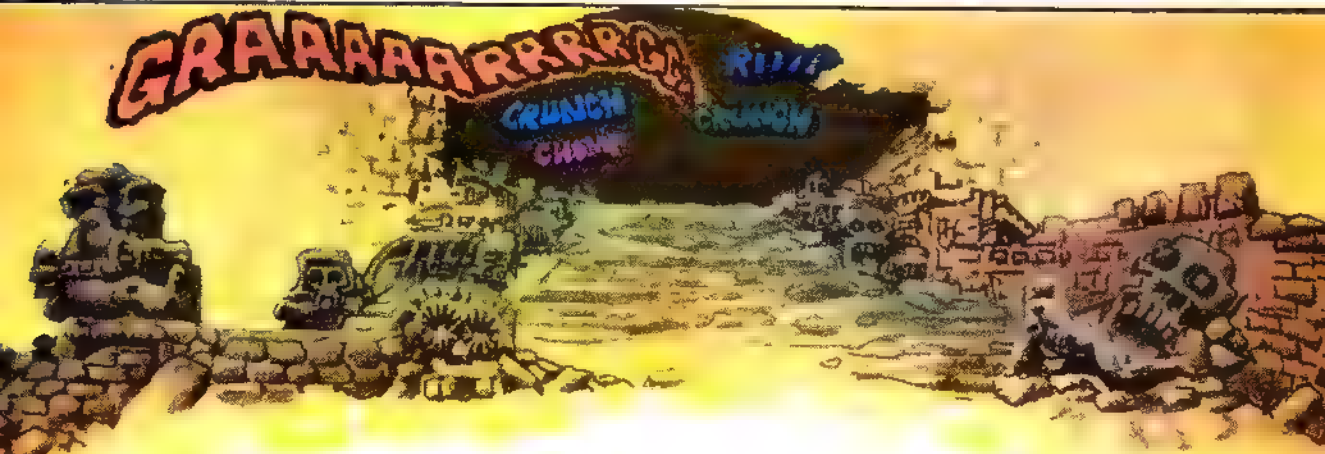


I REAWAKENED AMONG DECAYED STONEWORK I HAD NOT FOUND MY UNCLE BUT THERE WERE MORE URGENT MATTERS AT HAND.

I PEERED OUT EXPECTING TO SEE THE GIRL OR THE LIZARDMAN.



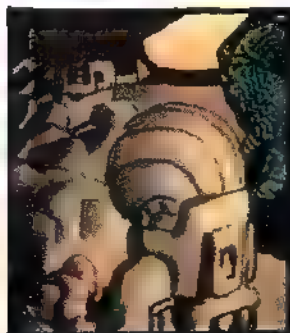
THE STONE PORCH AREA WAS EMPTY... THEN INHUMAN SOUNDS SHATTERED THE SILENCE



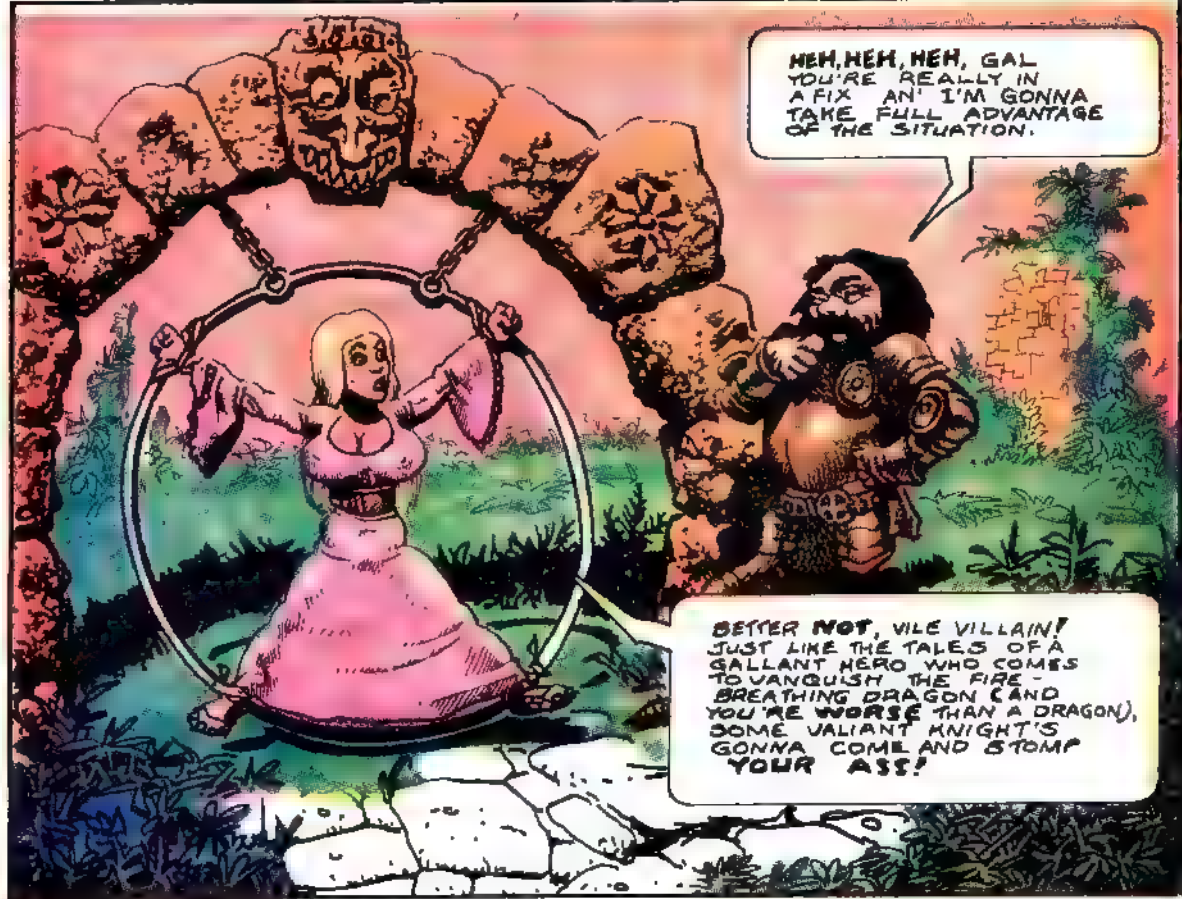
I WAS ILL PREPARED FOR THE SIGHT THAT FOLLOWED.



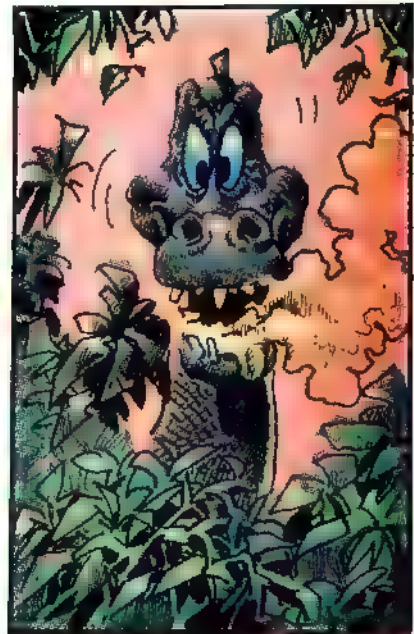
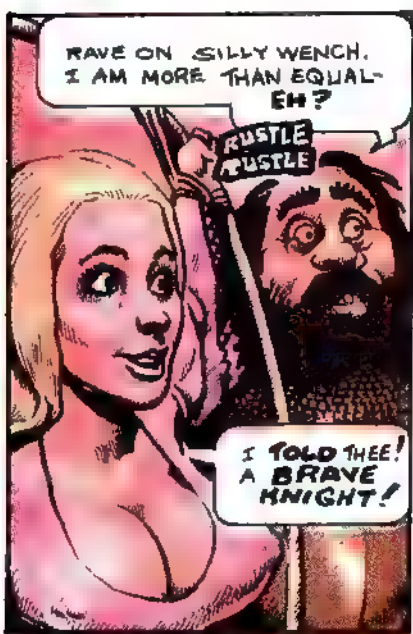
AD DRAGON AND THE INDIAN GIRL. THEY WERE FRIENDS AND CHEWING ON THE LIZARD MAN'S CARCASS, IT WAS A SYMBIOTIC RELATIONSHIP; SHE LURED THE PREY, THE DRAGON DID THE BLOODY WORK,

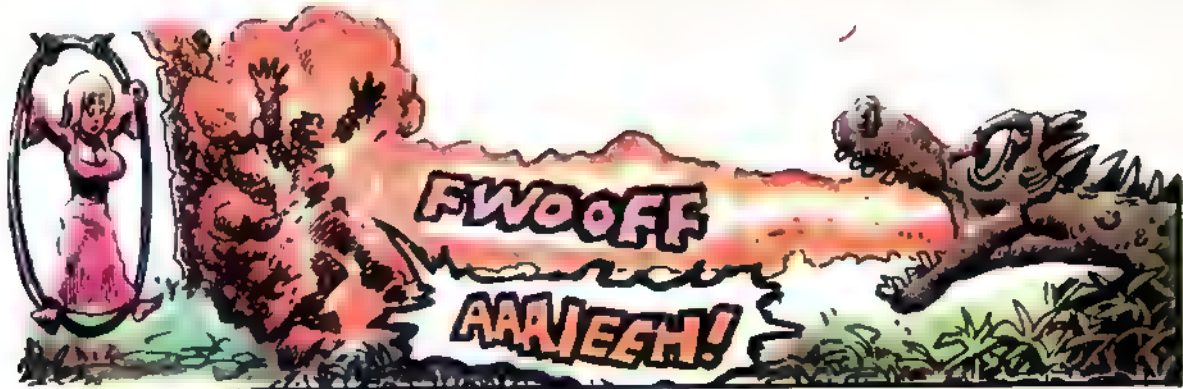


NO SIGN OF UNCLE DAN. DID I MAKE THE MACHINE RIGHT? HAVE OTHER FORCES CHANGED SINCE HE MADE HIS MACHINE?... WILL I EVER GET BACK?... DO I WANT TO RETURN?... I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO LOOK AROUND AND SEE... **THE END**

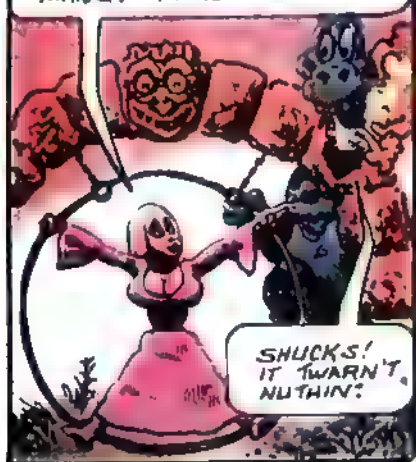


damself in dragon dress





OH THANK YOU BRAVE
DRAGON. I'M INDEBTED TO
YOU. NO TELLING WHAT
PRURIENT PLANS THAT
FOUL FIEND HAD ON HIS
MANGY MIND.



SHUCKS!
IT TWARN'T
NUTHIN'.

ME THINKS HE DID COME
TO HIS WELL DESERVED
AND WELL DONE END.



... BUT ALAS, I WAS
KIND OF HOPING
FOR A VIRILE YOUNG
KNIGHT -- I MEAN,
WHAT AM I GOING TO
DO WITH YOU?



I THOUGHT
YOU'D NEVER
ASK.

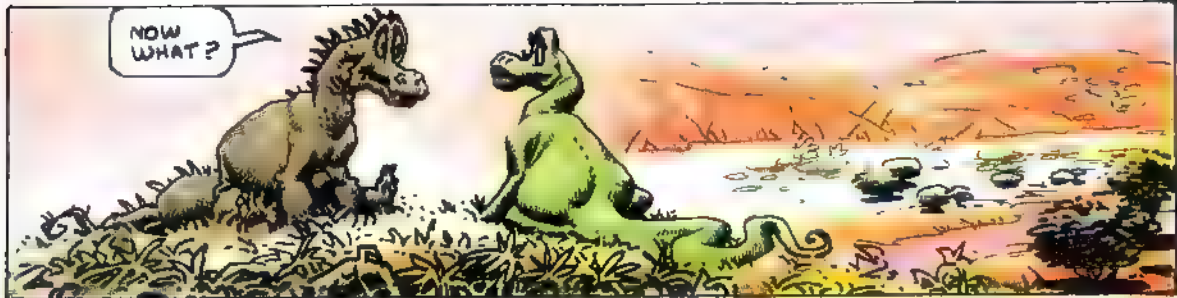
IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT I'M
A VICTIM OF A POTENT SPELL.
I WAS A HANDSOME KNIGHT
BUT HAD THE MISFORTUNE OF
STUMBLING INTO THE WRATH
OF AN ILL TEMPERED WIZARD.
HE CHANGED MY FORMER FAIR
FORM TO THIS SORRY
SAURIAN SEMBLANCE.



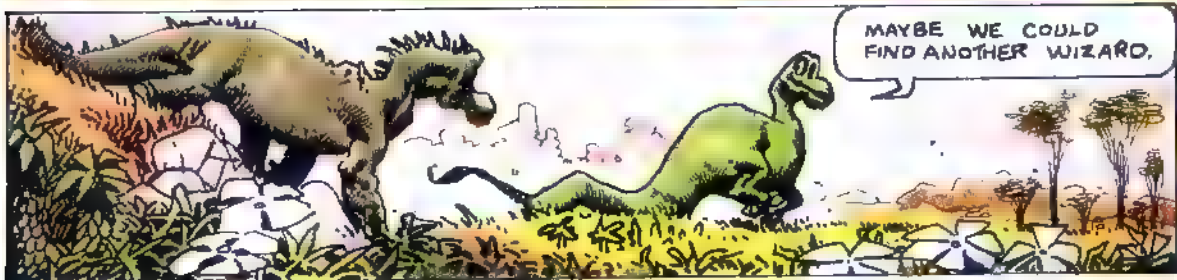
TERRIFIC!
THEN ALL I HAVE
TO DO IS MISS
YOU AND YOU'LL
REVERT TO THE
HANDSOME KNIGHT.



NOW
WHAT?



MAYBE WE COULD
FIND ANOTHER WIZARD.



SEE! NO NEED TO FRET.
IF THESE DRAGON EYES
DON'T DECEIVE ME, YON
LIES OUR DESIRED
SORCERER'S ABODE.



EH? WHO'ZZIT?
WHADAYA WANT?



HELLO IN THERE, KIND WIZARD
SIR. WE'RE TWO INNOCENT
CHILDREN IN DESPERATE NEED
OF YOUR SPECIALIZED SERVICES.
YOU SEE, A STRANGE SPELL
HAS CHANGED US FROM
PEOPLE TO DRAGONS.



HMMM-

AS A MATTER OF FACT
I HAVE HAD EXPERIENCE
WITH THAT PARTICULAR
ARCANIC CANTRIP AND
I WAS 99% SUCCESSFUL.



COME IN.

WELL I DIDN'T SAY
I WAS 100% SUCCESSFUL!

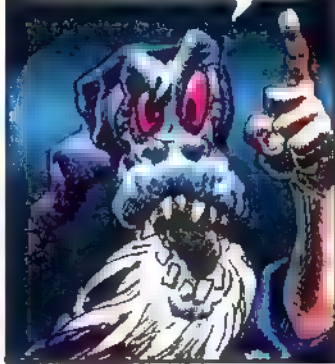


I DON'T KNOW... IT SEEMS
OUR SITUATION COULD BE
WORSE.

AWW... GIVE 'IM A
BREAK. I'D RATHER
TAKE A CHANCE TO
BE MY FORMER SELF
THAN ACCEPT THE
FATE THAT LEFT
US THUSLY.



WELL... I FLUBBED
THIS SPELL ONCE
BEFORE, AS YOU CAN
SEE, BUT ONE
SPELL I KNOW I
CAN DO INVOLVES
SIDEREAL SORCERY
-- IT'LL PUT YOU ON
ANOTHER WORLD,
BUT AT LEAST YOU'LL
BE LIKE EVERYONE
ELSE AGAIN.



OKAY!



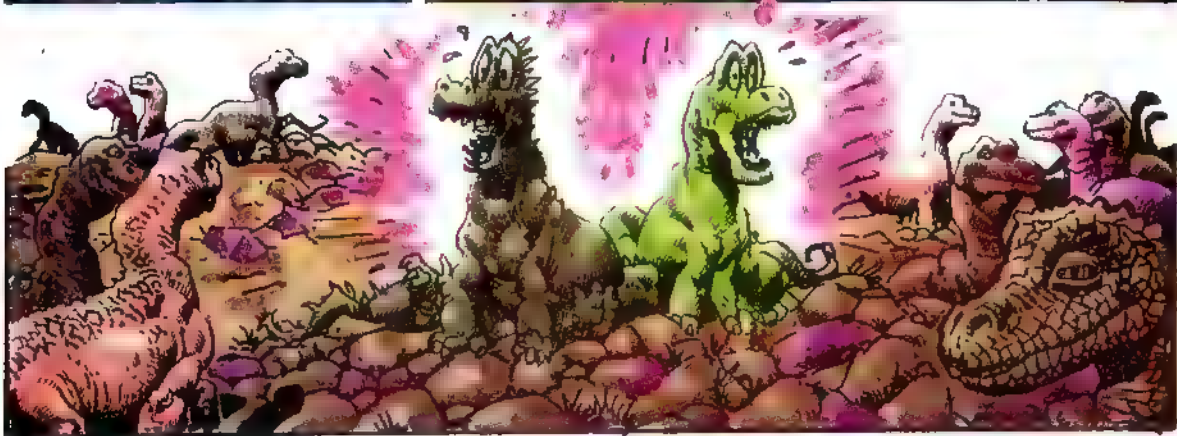
HOCUS - POCUS
PUDIN' N' PIE.
I KNOW A PLACE
ON THE UDDER
SIDE OF THE SKY.

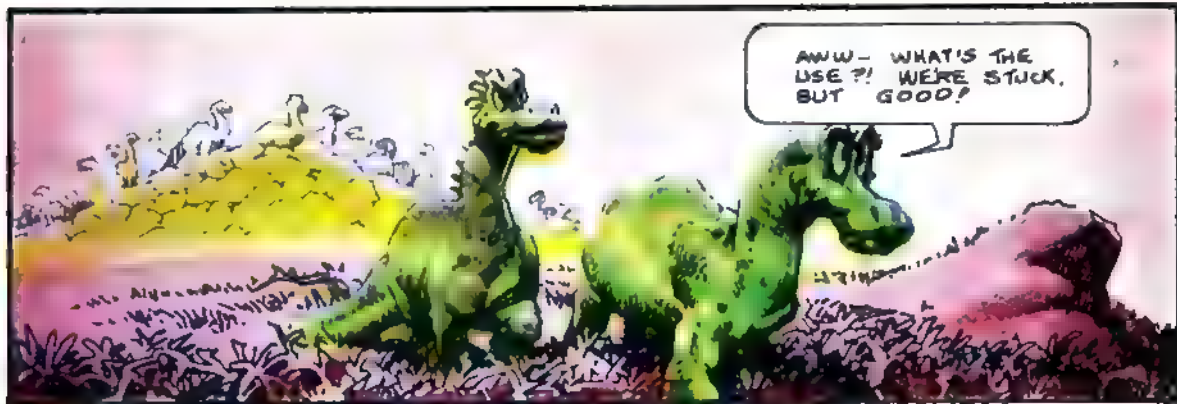


THE SPELL'S GOOD;
IT WON'T GOOF.
SNAP MY FINGERS
AND YOU'LL GO-



POOF!

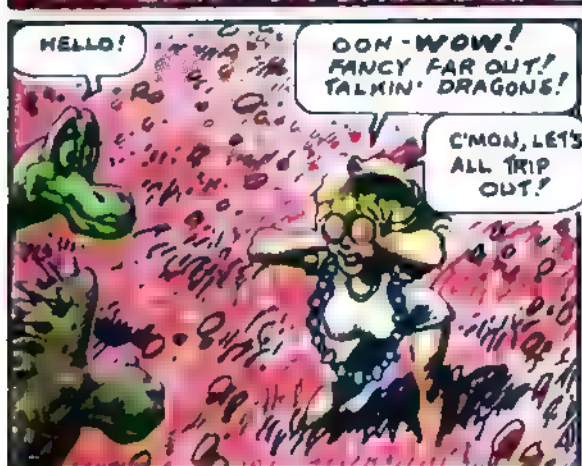




AWW - WHAT'S THE USE?! WE'RE STUCK, BUT GOOD!



HEEEAAVEN, I'M IN
HEEEAAVEN - DUDA,
DUDA DUDA B...
WHEEEEE!!
DIG THIS SCENE!



HELLO!

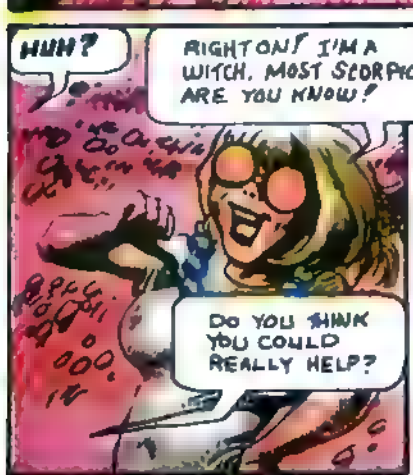
OOO-WOW!
FANCY FAR OUT!
TALKIN' DRAGONS!

C'MON, LET'S
ALL TRIP
OUT!



I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T JOIN YOU IN YOUR
CELEBRATIONS, WE ARE DREARY BECAUSE
WE WERE ONCE BEAUTIFUL HUMANS LIKE
YOU, NOW WE MUST RESIGN OURSELVES
TO THIS COARSE COUNTENANCE.

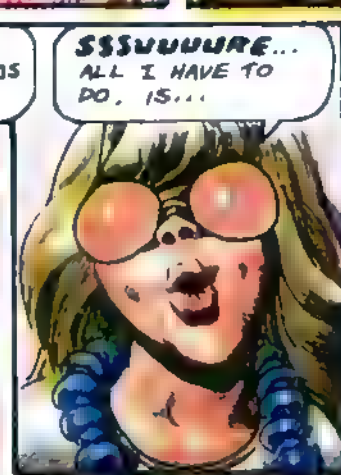
CREAKY!
I CAN DIG IT,
LET ME WORK OUT!



HUH?

RIGHT ON! I'M A
WITCH, MOST SCORPIOS
ARE YOU KNOW?

DO YOU THINK
YOU COULD
REALLY HELP?



SSSSUUURE...
ALL I HAVE TO
DO, IS...



KISS YOU!

OOOOHH!... OKAY
WHAT HAVE WE GOT
TO LOSE?!

'ATTA
SPORT!

SMACK

SMACK



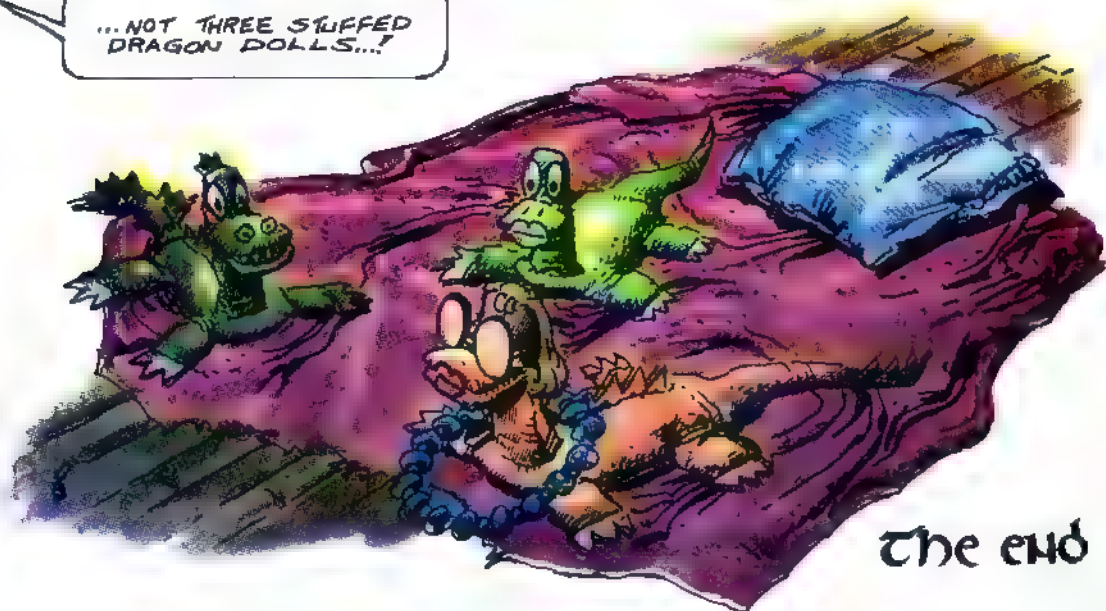
GOD, WHATT A TRIP!
FAIRY TALES... WONDER
WHERE MELINDA IS...
LOST HER IN THE
SCENE JLIST BEFORE
I CAME TO THE LAND
OF DRAGONS.



EH? - I'M SURE MELINDA
HAD TWO TEDDY BEARS...



...NOT THREE STUFFED
DRAGON DOLLS...!



The end

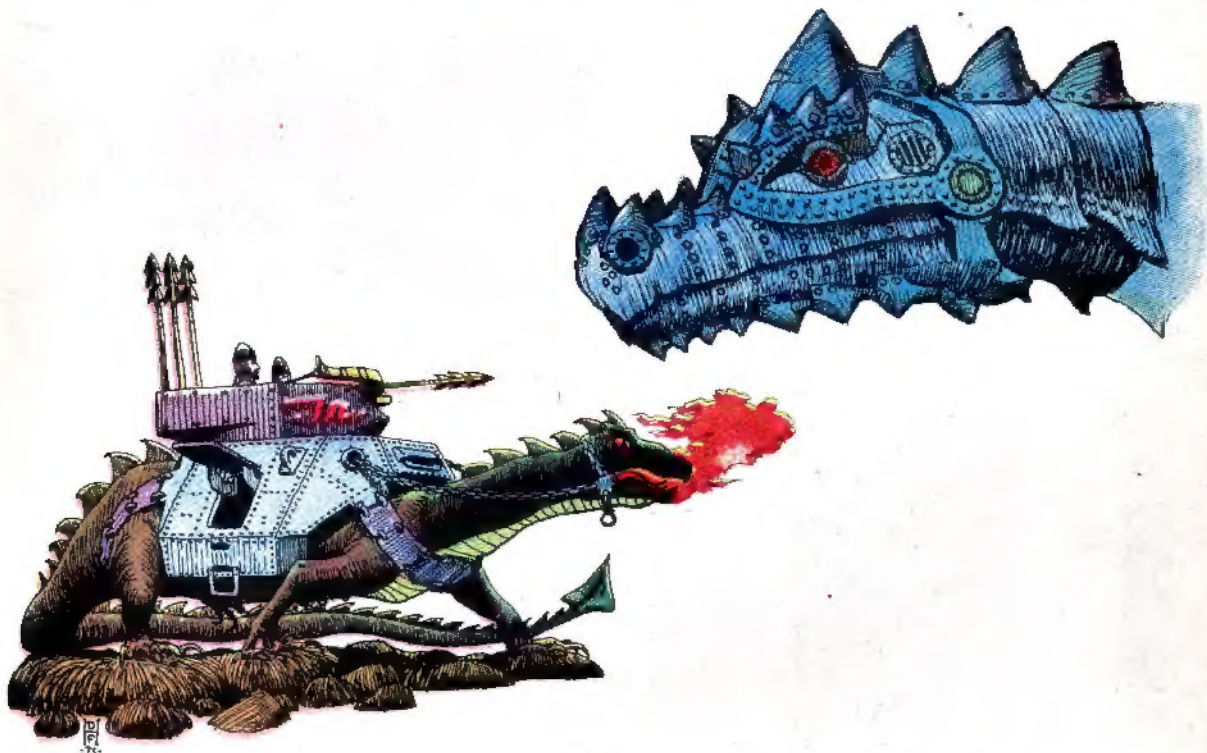
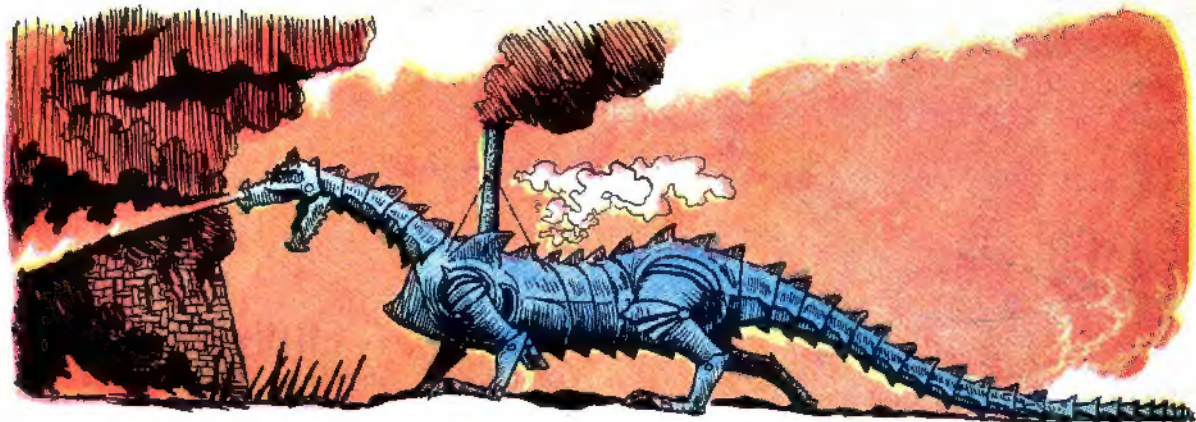




IT HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO MY ATTENTION THAT SOME UNDERGROUND CARTOONIST HAS DRAWN MY PICTURE FOR THE BACK OF ANOTHER COMIC BOOK. THIS IS A SERIOUS BREACH OF OUR COMIX CODE OF CONDUCT. BUT THE ARTIST CLEVERLY THREW OFF SUSPICION BY DOING THE DRAWING BEFORE GRIM WIT WAS CONCEIVED. OBVIOUSLY HE USED SORCERY, WITCH CRAFT OR SOME OTHER SUPERNATURAL MEANS TO AID HIS SCHEME. BUT EVEN OUR STUPIDEST READERS SAW IMMEDIATELY THAT THE LIKENESS IS WRONG. THIS DRAWING OF AN UNDERDEVELOPED LAMIA WHOSE FLESH IS COMPLETELY ROTTED AWAY FROM HER FACE, LOOKS MORE LIKE MY MOTHER, SKULLERELLA.

HOW IRONIC!

IXION-HY



18





